NO WONDER ALL HANDS CHEERED IT AT SYRACUSE.

The Importance of Harmony This Year Compared with Last Year, Especially When Urged by Those Who Carried the Scalps of the Regulars at Their Belts-Tammany's Stalwarts Pledged to Abids by the Action of the Convention Whatever It Might Be-Simply a Bargain in Votes Offered by the Grace Men.

The Hon. Thomas F. Grady's speech before the Committee on Credentials of the Democratic State Convention was one of the great events at Syracuse. It is herewith printed in full for the first time:

Mr. Grady-Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Committee on Contested Seats, the issue presented by Mr. Fairchild is a very simple one, easily appreciated, and a Democratic Convention should have no trouble in easily coming to a decision upon it. He says there are different kinds of men professing allegiance to the Democratic faith. There is that man that may he called a machine man. He glories in the rule and direction of the few. He exists only as a part of a political ring. He is absolutely without independence. And then there is another man professing quite as loudly, if not a little more so, his devotion to the Democratic party. and he knows but one thing, and that is absolute independence of all control except his con-

As applied to the question before the committee to-night Mr. Fairchild's remarks will not be taken seriously either by the assemblage or by the public. In his delegation he will find some men with reputations extending from Maine to California as the most subservient oilers and greasers of the machine in all America, if the machine is with them. It is only when they lose their influence under what they are rleased to denominate "machine rule," when they become a minority in the organization, that their independence asserts itself, and that independence that they claim, and that independence that they insist upon is at violence with the very foundation stone of your party. What is democracy? Not that criticism of your neighbor that measures your culture as against his filiteracy; not that comparison that inquires as to his social scale as compared to your own; not that admeasurement of wealth that makes you the rich man and he the poor man; Democracy is that equality of the people that recog nizes the vote of the humblest as of the sam value as the vote of the highest, counts that vote to ascertain where the majority is, and that once ascertained, demands that all, all, shall bow in obedience to that decree. Contradict that proposition, successfully refute that proposition, and then hold no more Democratic Con ventions, for there is no Democracy where a man has the chance to place his vote against mine and call upon my loyalty to submit while he will assert his independence to revolt if the case is decided against him. If parties are formed to divide men as their principles divide, the Demo cratic party is not the place for the man who

cratic party is not the place for the man who says: "I'll tell you how I vote after your ticket is nominated, but I will bind myself with no pledge or obligation before;" What is the situation that confronts us? Mr. Fairchild and his associates are here, not to claim that at any convention of your party they were elected delegates to your Convention; they are here not to challenge in any respect the regularity of the sitting delegates; they are here not to charge any misconduct upon the 105 men who are upon your roll; but they are here telling you just what Mr. Gleason did. They have a voting strength behind them just as he has a voting strength behind him, and Ir you want that voting strength you must get it upon the a voting strength behind them just as he has a voting strength behind him, and if you want that voting strength you must get it upon the same terms that Gleason offered—let them in?

Not one of these able men, including the most distinguished members of the legal profession in New York city—not one of these distinguished men, capable of taking the most intricate problems and solving them, can show you wherein their case, as presented by the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, differs in one lots from the case just presented by the ex-Mayor of Long Island City. They have no claim of regularity to present: they have no action taken under your call to offer: they are simply here making the most imposing parade possible of their voting strength, and telling you upon what terms you may have it for your State ticket. In other words, this is not a contest as you understand a contest. This is no disagreement as between the gentlemen whom I represent and these gentlemen whom I represent and these gentlemen here as to anything that occurred at any place, or the propriety of its occurrence, but this is simply presenting to the 105 delegates from New York city this proposition: "We can get the votes of the State Democracy if you will give up part of your representation. Now, why won't you do it?" There is the simple question. There is the issue brought to every man sitting upon this Committee on Contested Seats. We can have what will be called a 'united party' if 105 regularly Committee on Contested Seats. We can have what is called "harmony:" we can have what will be called a "united party" if 105 regularly elected delegates will give up a part of their representation in this Convention; and why will they not do it? Surely this is the year when harmony is required. It was not so important last year. We then had no more important officer than a tiovernor to elect. We had nothing more serious than the election of a few members of Congress to determine. It was not essential to party welfare that we should be united. There was greater promise of success

not essential to party welfare that we should be united. There was greater promise of success in a division of forces. And we had it.

Since I have had a vote the Democratic party has been struggling to maintain an organization in the city of New York, recognizing that a stone or the property of the p nown and maintained upon all occasions. We nominated in one of the Cangressional districts of the city Gen. Daniel E. Sickles. You would hardly call him a functor—a man of a little ability, some culture, and not entrely without tash. You are hot going to throw him in among the common people that love to have a few men led them and call them here and send them

there; nothing in his candidacy surely at which the most independent spirit was bound to revolt. Yet it did revolt. And that eminent statesman Mr. Cash not Cash was nominated. Now, you can see now the independent spirit of the country was satisfied with Cash's nomination. He had never been known to be subject to ring domination. He had never been known to take his ticket from anybody, so far as the public knew. In fact, the public did not know the Cash was, and at the end of the canvass 321 people out of 24,202 found out what a good man he was, but just enough discovered it to beat Ger. Sickles and to elect Mr. Andrew J. Campbell, not a man of independent spirit for, while of the dead we must not say anything but good. Campbell would consider it the highest encomium, if he were against anybody).

Then we nominated a man fairly known for

consider it the highest encomium, if he were alive, that he never kicked in all his career agalust anybody).

Then we nominated a man fairly known for some intelligence; some ability; had done some service to the Democratic cause; had heiped twice to the election of Mr. Cleveland (that is something to his credit, I am sure); deserves something to his country, for he had been a veteran who had served in the defence of the flag with a musket upon his shoulder upon the battlefields of the Union; a journalist; why, born a kicker, for he never could have attained success in his chosen profession if he had not been; we nominated Mr. Amos J. Cummings for Congress. He did not suit; not that there were more independent spirits in the district than there were Democrats, but there was a statesman out of work, and so they called upon Haker to carry the banner of independence. Who Haker is I am not prepared to say. Who Baker was when the returns came in I am prepared to tell. Out of 31,357 votes Baker succeeded in getting the endorsement of 1.943; not many, but Just "nouwh to beat Cummings. See how viciously this independent spirit will sometimes work.

And then we nominated—ah! an old-time

work.

And then we nominated—ah! an old-time servant of the ring—Senator Jacob A. Cantor: not a bad Democrat, because his colleagues in the Senate selected him as their candidate and elected him to the office of President pro tem, of the Senate—not these New York Democrats; not the bad Brooklyn Democrats that were—liaughter!.

the Senate- not these New York Democrats; not the bad Brooklyn Democrats that wereliaughter].

A Member of the Committee Senator, what is the remedy for this state of affairs you describe in New York?

Mr. Grady—That is the question I am coming to—but by the Democracy and the Democrats of of the State, he had been, elected to a position only second to that of the Lieutenant-Governor. He was nominated, but he did not have enough of the independent spirit, and so they selected a gentleman whom I might call the best exemplar of the purely patriotic citizen, who is in politics only to purify them and hold a place only that a worse man may not get it—Mr. Robert Grier Monroe was selected to go into the district and have the question decided as to whether the people of that district believed in parity domination or gloried in the man who did not have any party. He went, saw, was conquered, and out of 40,443 votes Robert Grier Monroe received 4,827; not many; just exough to beat Mr. Cantor, who boiled 17,028 votes. Sometimes those who do not know what a peaceable tribe the sons of Tammany er warriors of Tammany belong to, represent us brandishing a tomahawk looking for scalps. What shall we say of these Indians who come here not looking for scalps, but with the scalps dangling from their belts? [Laughter, A voice—Take them in.

or. | A voice—Take them in. Mr. Grady—I shall not say a word of what to

ter. I

A voice—Take them in.

Mr. Grady—I shall not say a word of what to the Senior Senator (turning to Senator Hill) must be a most unpleasant memory; but look you there: The belt where Cummings's scaip hanes; see you here, where the noble Sickles lost his hair! Look at Cantor; see how therough he was scalped!

Now, why, why should there be any question? Why a moment's hesitation on the part of 105 men to give up whatever part of their representation these peaceable, lamb-like citizens desire? Why? Because back of every man upon your roll as a delegate from the city of New York there is a constituency. One hundred and nine thousand men left their homes on last election day in that city to defend Democratic principles as they understood them; to maintain Democratic truth as they believed in it; to support Democratic candidates fairly nominated by a fair convention. Oh, what a task was set them! You centletnen who are sitting upon this Committee upon Contested Seats can never know just what kind of warfare was waged against them. I have a father nearly 70 years of age. He was driven from his own home when 14 years of age because he resisted tyranny and oppression; because he was made to feel that he was asked to give obedience. Fifty-six years he has stood upon this soil of free America. From the day he reached his twenty-first year he has been fervent, earnest, in his democracy. From out his toil he raised his family and gave to three of his sons and one of his daughters a better education than he ever enjoyed, and he tried to give to the citizenship of the country some support, some weapon of defence in case of danger. There is not in all the land or all the world a mar who can truthfully point to him and find in his life of seventy years a wrong censciously attempted against his Gol or wilfully against his fellow man. Fifty years he had been living in the city of New York and point his enrichment at the public expense.

One hundred and nine thousand Democrats had to stand up against that sort of warfare. An

pointed to as a corrupt criminal combination; pointed to as you would point to a league of thieves and beggars and charged with a direct financial interest in every illegitimate business in the city of New York; called on the rostrum, the associates and cooperators of every man whom the hand of the law was raised against. Under those circumstances, with no other weapons in the hands of our opponents except slanders and abuse. 109,000 men that believed in the Democratic party, that had hoped for the Democratic party; that knew that founded upon truth it must conquer in the end, stood there and defended the citadel of Democracy; and they had to wait but less than twelve months before the mistakes, the blunders, the incapacity—the crimes—of a reform administration brought back to them a measure of popular support such that no gentleman to-day can question, but that it has assured to them unbounded, unlimited success. It is back to these 109,000 men we must go, just as to your constituency, whatever may be its numbers (and I am not here to disparage them), you must go, You say in effect that if you go back to your very limited constituency you cannot get them to vote because you have not been admitted here. It may be. I shall not question your slatement. What peculiar power of persuasion do you credit us with, if men so gifted as the delegation now claiming our seats are credited with being, could have no effect upon the twenty thousand or ten thousand or five thousand who compose their membership; what great powers of persuasion have we that you should send 105 men hack to meet a constituency of 109,000 and get them to vote the ticket, after their legally elected delegates have been excluded from the Convention? for if any uart of our representation be handed over to these gentlemen, some man, some number of men, legally elected, regularly elected, whose credentials bear every mark and attest that any resolution or law of this Convention requires, must go out. And why? Why? So that we shall have harmony here, no m thieves and beggars and charged with a direc

year.
Well, gentlemen, don't you see the harmony
that is to be produced by this recognition? Pardon me if I employ too familiar names in illutration, not that I should take the liberty of rewell, gentlemen, don't you see the harmony that he to temploy too familiar names in lituation me if I employ too familiar names in lituation me if I employ too familiar names in lituation me if I employ too familiar names in lituation me if I employ too familiar names in lituation me if I employ too familiar names in lituation of the second search of the second search of the se

DISTRESSING HENRY IRVING ON HIS ART. HE STOUTLY ADVOCATES A STATE

THEATRE.

DISEASES

SKIN

Instantly

Relieved

Cured by

and Speedily

CiticuraORTHON CONTRACTOR THE TRACTOR WATER

Bold throughout the world. British depot: F. Nawszar & Sons, London. Fortun Davo and Cura. Conv., Sole Props., Soston.

MERCER-BINGHAM MARRIAGE.

The Young Couple Start for Pennsylvania to Build Vandergrift.

It was not until vesterday that a notice wa

published of the marriage, on Aug. 12, of Miss Helen V. Bingham of 275 Lenox avenue to

George W. Mercer, Miss Bingham is the

daughter of James M. Bingham, a member of

the Petroleum Exchange. Her mother is the daughter of J. J. Vandergrift of Pittsburgh, a

wealthy oil man. George W. Mercer, Jr., the groom, is an insurance broker, and until Friday

last had an office at 266 West Twenty-third

street. The young couple had been engaged for

a long time. It was arranged to have the mar

But the father of the bride, Mr. James M

Bingham, was suddenly stricken ill, and his

life was despaired of, and Mrs. Bingham con

sented to allow the ceremony to be performed

earlier than was intended. On Aug. 12 Mr

Mercer and Miss Bingham were driven to Holy

Trinity Church on West 122d street, and in the

presence of the bride's mother and half a dozen

dergrift.
"We want you to take charge of it," said Mr.
Vandergrift, "and you can bring your wife with

handing her five one-thousand-dollar notes, said:
"Here, Helen, take this for your expenses to

roung couple's supervision, will be smill town. Houses will be erected for the accommodation of 0,000 people, who will be employed in the new iron and steel works to be erected there. The sale of liquor will not be permitted within the town limits, as Vandergrift is a temperance man. Francis Murphy, the well-known temperance orator, is his son-in-law.

STOLE A SAICHEL OF MONEY.

Leaped Through an Office Window with It and Straightway Buried It.

Detective Wriggins of the Third precinct,

upon suspicion of being concerned in the theft

of a satchel containing \$300 from a desk in R.

G. Soloman's branch leather factory in Avenue

C. in Newark. Lindner is 17 years old and em

ployed in the shop. There was little difficulty

in getting a confession from him. The mone was put up in pay envelopes and taken from the

main office in Nesbitt street to the other shop

Lindner knew the habits of the superintendent,

and he says that he and another employee

named Engel had for several weeks been plan-

ning to steal the pay roll money. They arranged to do it a week ago Saturday, but post-

poned the venture because they were aware

another week.

that there would be more money in the bag in

When the money was delivered at the shop by Bookkeeper Charles Vogel it was handed to Superintendent Gustave Hagner, who placed

the satchel on a desk and went into a rear room

to wash his hands. When he returned the

satchel was gone and one of the windows of the

office was open. There were tracks in the sand

than his accomplice, as is indicated by Lindner's tory that he got two-thirds of the money.

riage take place in October.

RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier

The Veteran Artist Hopes to See Established in Engiand a State Conservatory Where Suitable Recruits Can Be Trained In the Art of Acting-There Such Incomparable Actors as Jefferson Might Give to Young and Apt Pupils from Their Storehouse of Stage Experience-Bearth of Young Rising Actors-Tribute to Charlotte Cashman-The Advance to Stage Mechanism, Lighting, and Accessories. TORONTO, Sept. 29 .- Sir Henry Irving, seated

in his easy chair in the sunny parlor at the Queen's Hotel, did not suggest in the remotest way the pitiably malignant figure of Shylock which had staggered out of sight at the Grand Opera House the night before, the long-fingered, claw-like hand, vainly clutching at the wall, seen long after the despairing, haunted face had slowly disappeared. A great, significant bit of business," by the way, that clutching, disappearing hand, summing up the character and the play of pitliess, grasping greed that overreaches itself.

ciples of Democracy or by the expediency or policy that, born yesterday, will die to-morrow; we cannot, not one man, except in so far as it helps or hurts Democratic success, swerve a tittle or a jot. We will go back to the 100,000 or more bourst men that sent us here; we will tell them just upon what grounds our seasts were asked for by men that presented not the least shadow of a claim for them, and we will try to explain just by what reasoning consistent with the principles of Democratic faith our seats were taken from us and given to others; and as fervently and as earnestly and as sincercly as ever I addressed a word to the Throne of Grace I pray to-night that, when we do go there, we will find 109,000 Democrats patient, loyal enough to accept without question whatever the decision of this committee may be. [Cries of "Hear! hear!" and loud cheering, in which the committee and the Fair-childers joined.] It was decidedly not Shylock, nor Mathias, nor Mephistopheles who rose up courteously to greet the visitor, save that there might have been a suggestion of the sulphurous regions in the Canadian lucifer which he apologetically presented to light his hospitable perfectos.

"Naturally, I like Canadian audiences," he said. "They are our own people, but a little removed in distance; not at all so intermixed with other races as over the United States border. Indeed, the three types of England, Ireland, and Scotland remain apparently as distinct in Canada as in their native homes. I feel very much at ease among them.

A touch of the Vicar of Wakefield as he said this. Inborn kindliness in its reflective mood about describes Henry Irving when he chats. A trifle pale, as actors are apt to be by daylight, the fine modelling about the temples, the masterful heaviness of the brows, and the mobility of the mouth came out the better for the pallor. He had many questions to ask about friends in New York and pleasant reminiscences to re call, but when the talk drifted round inevitably to the stage door he grappled the subject of what lay between that door and the footlights with the arder of first love.

"The supply of good actors speaking the English tongue," said this foremost English actor of his time, " is decidedly short. I do not mean even good leading actors, but young rising ones. I do not think that a lower grade of mer is seeking the stage now than formerly; in fact they may be a trifle better as to education out side their calling, but they are not actors Their training is nil; their experience only con firms them in the defects they have acquired nothing tends to broaden them. Yes, it develope specialists who can do only one thing or couple of things, but it makes very little for art. Some men and women, women particularly, can and do rise above these shocking limitations of training; but, of course, there is a tendency in human beings to look rather to the end than to the means, in art, as in other things. They would fly before they can walk, not to speak of the labor of climbing.
"They have trouble enough with their hands

presence of the bride's mother and half a dozen friends of the family were married by the Rev. A. H. Redding. An hour later Mr. Mercer had to leave the city on business. The bride remained at the residence of her mother until Mr. Mercer's return. When he came back there was a reception at the Bingham residence. Last week the bride's grandfather, Mr. Vandergrift, came on a visit to New York and informed Mr. Mercer that the Apollo Iron and Steel Company was about to build a new town in Pennsylvania, on the Kiskiminetas River, forty miles from Pittsburgh, to be named Vandergrift. and feet as it is," was suggested. 'They have," went on Sir Henry, with some thing of a painful reminiscence in his suppressed groan that followed an equally remi-

you."

Mr. Mercer accepted the offer, and decided to start for Pennsylvania on Friday. That night the bride was presented with \$23,000, being the groom's wedding gift. She also received presents of jewelry and bric-A-brac amounting in value to \$100,000. Another gift was \$25,000 from her mother. When she was about to leave the house Mr. Vandergrift called her aside and, handing her five one-thousand-dollar notes, and "Hands, feet, heads, all, but the defect of ongue is the gravest of all. An actor should know how to speak his own language. It is not enough to have read Shakespeare or recited his soliloquies at school; not 'spouting,' that he must have a smattering of, but ability to pro-"Here, Heien, take this for your explaints."
"Well," said the bride, "Pil take it, but Fil make George pay the expenses, and Til give this away in charity."
The new town, which will be built under the many control of the mental of the many large will be a mill town. nounce correctly and enunciate clearly. How many of them can do either?"

Yet, Sir Henry," it was urged, "your per formances present as perfect ensemble acting as we have seen on the English speaking stage."

"We never give way to the idea that we have reached perfection-far from it. We are always whipping up. The tendency to retrograde, to be carcless, is so great that watchfulness can never be relaxed. I have rehearsed men so often, insisting on their doing things properly, that they have sometimes rebelled. 'What are you paying me for if that's not acting?' one young man in my company said to me one day in London, I said to him: 'Mr. ____, you are right; you should be paying me for what I am doing for you!" No, I don't suppose he saw it in that

light; but I was teaching him his business. "The remedy? I can think of but one namely a State theatre-a conservatory where beginners could learn what is at the base of all good acting with something of certainty that they were not following a jack o' lantern labelled Success. "I put forward the idea in an address in England. It was well received in some quarters, but I am sorry to say it brought forth volumes of ridicule as well. It was even denounced as 'paternalism,' utterly foreign to the British constitution, though it might be good enough for Frenchmen. That was perhaps to be expected. Every proposition of the kind is first hooted at in England, though it be adopted later. The Philistine has always a stone in his sling. The first word that comes to his lips is 'Boo!' But there are hopes. It seems plain to me that if the State concerns itself in art-in one branch of art, it should in anotherin that important one, surely, which is so constantly before the people-the art of the stage, which not only makes pictures, but informs th

office was open. There were tracks in the sand of the vacant lot adjoining the shop, and it was clear that the money had disappeared through the window. Lindner said yesterday that he and his companion were on the watch, and when Hanner left the office they sneaked in, seized the satchel, and jumped out of the window. They removed the money, threw the satchel away, and separated. Lindner says that Engel took \$200 and left \$100 for him, which he buried in the lot.

He thought that Engel buried his share of the plunder in another place in the same lot. They then returned to their work through the same office window, Lindner says, taking all the risk of the loss being discovered in the short time they were burying the maney. Lindner took Detective Wriggins to the spot where he buried his share, and it was found finate. He could not point out Engel's cache. Engel is still at large, and it is probable that he dog up his plunder during the night and left the city. The uclice are bunding for him. He is older and strewder than his accomplice, as is indicated by Lindner's story that he set two, thirds of the ear.
"It has often been said that I advocated State theatres in opposition to public or individual enterprise. I advocate nothing of the sort, but one State theatre. At this theatre the repassed an examination, and not every one wanting to go on the stage-might be trained for the art which they might ultimately adopt, trained in the practice of certain principles which are as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Think what such an incomparable actor as Joseph Jefferson would impart to a young

and apt pupil.

"There is not a single actor of position that I know who has not had some instruction from older actors, and why should not these same actors impart their knowledge to the younger ones who are getting more and more in need of help?

help?
"When I tell you that I gave an actor a very
"When I tell you that I gave an actor of my com-"When I tell you that I gave an actor a very large fee to assist a younger actor of my company in the study of a certain character, you will understand that I most seriously and earnestly teel the importance of what I am urging. That, in brief, is an institution where the art of acting could be studied in conjunction with a theatre for the practice of that art, such an institution as those established in all the principal cities of the continent of Europe. It would, I am sure, greatly aid in supporting a standard of true drama as opposed to much that is mischievous, hurtful, and ridiculous, and totally against the end and aim of acting.

"What of the drama in England?"

"We are getting more and more theatres, and therefore the demand for better work should be on the increase. I kope to arrange for a play for the ilyceum with Mr. Pinero, but be assured that I do not merely want a name. If my friend Pinero, a most talented man, writes a play for

WEST 14TH ST. CO"RELIABLE"

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK." "ECONOMY IS THE SOMRCE OF WEALTH." WE CAN HELP YOU TO ECONOMIZE. WE CONTRACT ED FOR LABUE LOTS OF OTE "RELIABLE" CAR-PETS BEFORE THE ADVANCE OF WOOL AND WADEN, IF YOU WAIT UNTIL THE SNOW FLIES OU WILL HAVE TO PAY MORE FOR A GOOD PUBCHASE NOW, WE'LL STORE THEM POR

YOU AND YOU CAN PAY LATER.
FURNITURE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

COWPERTHWAIT & CO. 104. 108 AND 105 WEST 14TH ST., NEAR STH AV. BEGOKLYN STURES; PLATISUSH AV., NEAR SULTON ST.

me ft will be because the play promises to be good, not because the author is great—'the play's the thing.'

"The taste in plays? I don't believe the taste is changed in the kind of plays the public demands. They want the same grand old human story played in the same firm lines as ever. It is said that tragedy is dead? I am about to revive Julius Casar.' People who read a great deal may be importent of second-rate discursive poetry in tragic form on the stage. The necessity of action becomes more imperative than ever; but give me a new classical tragedy if it is sufficiently varied in action to meet modern requirements, and it will find a place on the stage and a response from the bockets of the people. Plays must pay or they cannot be given.

"Do I think the 'realistic drama, which dies

stage and a response from the nockets of the people. Plays must pay or they cannot be given.

"Do I think the 'realistic drama, which diss down into sexual sins and discusses the most disturbing social problems is meeting with greater response? I see no signs of it in England, Our English adventures in that field are recent, and in barely one instance successful. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray had great merits as a play outside of the subject which it treated, it would have been a success if it had not touched any 'problem.' It had the good fortune for all cencerned in it of being a novelty on the English stage, and was much discussed in drawing-rooms, often very much to the embarrassment of men who found young damsels asking them questions difficult to answer in any case, and particularly difficult in company.

"The London public won't go to see the Ibsen plays, except, of course, at occasional performances. The nastness which is now and then shown—never mind the motive the author professes to have in making them nasty—has proved no attraction. They do not pay. It is the same few who go to the generally single productions of these plays. There is seldon enough to warrant a second performance until there is some new aspirant for such honors as the plays affori."

"The Independent Theatre, then, is not a success?"

"The Independent. The name is I fear, rather "Well, it depends. The name is I fear, rather

"The Independent Theatre, then, is not a success?"

"Well, it depends. The name is, I fear, rather a misnomer, for they borrow actors as well as accessories from the theatres which do not profess to be independent, but which are at any rate self-supporting.

"The public still loves the romance of life—something above the daily grime of the mere real. It loves the romantic piay. It likes best some ideal to be held up. The most out and out sensational melodrama that ever drew crowds to the Adelphi must have had some romance, some idealian underlying all its assounding 'effects,' and more potent in moving it along in the favor of the people than all its 'elaborate machinery.' Virtue must be rewarded; crime must be punished. Everybody knows that it is not so in real life. What matter? We go to the theatre for a better life, though we may not find it. Then we don't go again, and we tell our friends not to go."

"What is a type of the romantic play?"

we don't go again, and we tent our france for to go."

"What is a type of the romantle play?"

"In our repertory, I would say 'Olivia."

Sir Henry, in thinking of the romance of Oliver Goldsmith's delightful, immortal story, which the late Mr. Wills reduced to stage proportions, looked more than ever like the kindly Dr. Primrose.

"King Arthur' is romantic. It is a wide term, romance. "Trilby," that astonishing Trilby, is a romance, and pleases because of that element—its shred of idealism—as much as from anything else in it.

"King Arthur' is romantic. It is a wide term, romance. 'Trilby,' that astonishing Trilby, is a romance. and pleases because of that element—its shred of idealism—as much as from anything else in it.

"How do I define melodrama? That has grown to be a very wide class, and seems nowadays in some minds to include everything that is between pure light comedy and classic tragedy. Melodrama has meant a different thing every few years. At first with us it was I fancy, the excuse under which the unpatented theatres gave their pieces. They had music in them, and with them to escape the law which forbatie them giving regular plays, when the stage was free, the singing dropped out, but the 'music' remained in the shape of bass fiddle throbs and violin agitato when the villain was crossing the stage to commit murder or when the heroine was dying. We have the music still, but a great composer like Sir Arthur Sullivan may write it. The 'Courier of Lyons' is a good example of good melodrama, but I may shock you when I say that 'Hamlet,' by the same ruie, is a melodrama also. It is not classic in form, although its poetry is so uplifting, and its end that of tragedy itself."

"Are you looking to France or the Continent for new ideas in plays or productions?"

"We are watching everywhere for good plays. We play 'Mme. Sans-Gene.' and I may say that M. Sartiou is retouching the part of Napoleon Bonaparte for me, introducing in the first act a scene where Bonaparte appears as First Consul. Of course Ellen Terry will be the genius of that play and will find a most congenial character in Mme. Sans-Gene.

"We are giving on our present tour a little romantic one-act play, 'Conte de Noel.' a French Christmas story, in which the saints and angels are supposed to become real.

"Erance has been the parent of the coarsest realism, as well as the best modern works, in many divections. Germany is much induced by France in matters of art. It has borrowed pessimism from Russis, and the Norwegan Calibanism, when mixed with French realism and Ru

much has the change been in making wasts. A few men handled these things in a leisurely way; now a small army moves them in a hurry. The old 'carpenter' scenes, written into plays to keep the audience from howling while the stage carpenters behind got up the throne or nailed with great resounding thwacks the signboard on the inn front, are all beautiful the stage as most practically the stage as most practical than a stered the acting. It gives impulse to immersonation, as opposed to mere recitation. A little way back on the stage the actors in old times could scarcely be seen, certainly with no distinctness. Great efforts were reserved for certain moments. An actor in the background, produced the stage in the stage of the footights, the old-fashioned oil lamps giving very little light.

"A good story is told of Edmund Kean on this point. A friend met him one day and said: I never saw you play Othello as you did last Thursday night—such fire, such passion, such ago. Thursday, let me see, Thursday? I mused Kean. Yes, said his friend, 'Thursday,' The cago,' Thursday, let me see, Thursday? I mused Kean. Yes, said his friend, 'Thursday,' The fragedian suddenly remembered. 'A—A, yes, I remember. The d—d acoundred Cooper was trying all he could to keep me out of the focus." The focus was the best point of light near the Greek tracelles would not be such perfect embodiments of the great passions of the soul, not to mention Shakespeare, who had to put up with loops crowding the sides of the stage itself, and ever any difficulty with stage hands, or the Greek tracelles would not be such perfect embodiments of the great passions of the soul, not to mention Shakespeare, who had to put up with loops crowding the sides of the stage itself, and ever any difficulty with stage hands, or the Greek tracelles would not be such perfect embodiments of the great passion of the soul, not to mention shakespeare, who had to put the passion of the

very kind."

Breaking in upon the profound Toronto quiet same a distant ringing of engine bells at the lake front, the buxs of a passing trailey, mingled with the drowsy num of two Canadians talking politics, an exercise by which the inhabitants keep each other awake in the dayling. Miss Edien Terry, who appears to be an idea of the Canadians, as well as of all other

W. & J. Sloane. **Special Offering**

WE HAVE PLACED ON SALE TO-DAY

250 PIECES

Imported and Domestic **BODY BRUSSELS.**

IN LARGE VARIETY OF PATTERNS, AT THE UNIFORM PRICE OF

90c. per yard.

THESE GOODS WERE SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR HIGH-CLASS FURNISHING, EMBRACE MANY OF OUR PRIVATE DESIGNS, AND ARE DESI

Broadway, 18th & 19th Streets.

sorts of people, looks extremely fresh and well. Her art has lost none of its charm, and her voice on the stage is much better than it was two years ago. Going out driving, she chatted a moment, as she sat in the victoria, as cheerly as a girl. She is never indriving, she chatted a moment, as she sat in the victoria, as cheerily as a girl. She is never interviewed, she said, so that she can always tell the next comer that he is no worse off than those who went before him—quite as ingenious argument, and it is well worth hearing her put consideration in her tones as she gives it.

"We have such a number of pretty young people in the company," she added, "and why don't the critics here say something nice about them."

It was thought sufficient to say that; taking It was thought sufficient to say that; taking the performance of the night before as a sample, the young people were all hidden somewhere behind the old-gold gown of Portia.

Then the carriage started, and Miss Terry, shortly after her drive, was dressing for Queen Guinevere, in "King Arthur," wherein the most obtuse critics were able to discern Miss Julia Arthur under the woes and drapery of Elaine.

After the performance of last night the whole organization packed up and departed for Boston, nearly 100 strong.

"That troupe beats everything but Barnum's circus," said a railroad man who had witnessed the details of the transit to Boston. And so it did.

did.

It takes eight sixty-foot freight cars to carr
the scenery, costumes, and properties. It i
rated at 760 cubic tons. A curious fact cam
out in the course of the company's dealing rated at 700 cubic tons. A curious fact came out in the course of the company's dealings with the 'custom House, calling, as they did, for exact detailed lists of everything they carried to be used in the piars. It took seventeen closely printed typewritten pages to invoice them, and they footed up a total of 31,436 articles, ranging from the largest "cloths," or back scenes, down to a "box of long clay pipes" and a pepper box for "A Story of Waterloo." What a list! Crowns, armor, swords, thrones, and what not. Every play is boxed separately, and every article needed for that play is kept apart from even the same articles needed for other plays.

J. I. C. CLARKE.

SOMETHING NEW FOR WILDHURST. Democracy Triumphant at a North New

Jersey Entertalnment, HILLSDALE, N. J., Sept. 29 .- An entertain ment entirely new to this section of northern New Jersey was held last night at Wildhurst, the nome of Broker Walter Stanton, to raise money for chimes for the Woodcliff schoolhouse near Wildhurst. The project is Mrs. Stanton's, and to add to its attractiveness she interested a number of society people in New York, who came up in two private cars on the New Jersey and New York Railroad, returning on a special train at 1:50 this morning. A stage was built on the broad plazza of Wildhurst, enabling guests to view the performance hurst, enabling guests to view the performance from the broad hall running through the house and from both sides of the plazza.

More than 300 persons paid 50 cents each, partly to get a view of the swell crowd and of the interior of the house, and partly to aid the "Woodcliff chimes" fund. Farmers, commuters, ploughboys, milkmaids, country merchants, and railroad brakeman brashed against and admired the fine attire of society men and women from the metropolis, and appeared to be amazingly pleased with the exhibition.

The feature of the entertainment that created

amazingly pleased with the exhibition.

The feature of the entertainment that created the most enthusiasm was the free-hand drawing by Miessrs. De Peyster and Graham of Harryer's Weskip. They drew heads of Cleveland and Grant, and a study of a New Jersey meadow, which won liberal applianse. The picture of Grant was sold at auction for \$16.50, and the meadow scene brought \$12, the purchaser remarking: "It is worth that much as a novelty, being a Jersey meadow without mosquitoes." It was proposed to sell Cleveland's picture, but nobody offered a bid, and it was laid aside.

There wasn't room enough in the billiard It was proposed to sell Cleveland's picture, but nobody offered a bid, and it was laid aside.

There wasn't room enough in the billiard room for those who wanted to contribute to the chimes fund through the pool pockets, and the pins were kept dropping in the bowling alley until midnight. A prize of a silver match box was offered for the best bowler. Among the contestants were folk in evening dress from the city. "Clint" Demarest a railroad brakeman in a blue uniform, received the prize from Mrs. Stanton, who congratulated him in a little speech and led him away blushing to the refreshment room.

The building in which it is proposed to place the chimes is built of stones gathered from surrounding farms by the farmers' sons. The structure is unique in exterior appearance and has the latest improvements inside. It is, in all respects, the finest country school in the State.

Said to Have Died Poor Still Belleving in

The funeral of George W. N. Yost, the typewriter inventor, who died on Thursday night, took place yesterday morning from his late residence, 319 West Fifty-fourth street. The interment was in Mount Kensico Cemetery. John Blackwood, sexton of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, had charge of the funeral arrangements. Only two coaches followed the hearse. Mrs. Yost, the widow, and her son, G.

hearse. Mrs. Yost, the widow, and her son, G. B. Yost, occupied the first coach. The other contained the members of the family of Mrs. Humphreys of Philadelphia. Mrs. Humphreys is a daughter of Mr. Yost.

Mr. Yost, it is said, died as he had lived, a believer in spirit manifestations. He was 64 years old and the son of a farmer. When a boy he devoted his attention to mechanical inventions and improvements on farming implements. When he afterward invested the typewriting machine that bears his name he made a fortune, but he lost the greater portion of it in accumulating in Wall street. Finally he organized the Typewriting Trust and succeeded in accumulating a second fortune. He spent a great deal of money investigating spiritualism, and was said to have been imposed upon by mediums and tricksters, who got much money from him. Those who know him intimately say he died a comparatively poor man.

Mayor Schieren Attends a Corner-stone Laying.

The corner stone of St. Matthew's Evangelical Church, at Sixth avenue and Second street, Brooklyn, of which Mayor Schieren is one of the pillars, was laid yesterday afternoo by the Rev. W. F. Main, the pastor. The exe cises in-cluded addresses by the Rev. Dr. A. Stewart Hartman, Secretary of the Board of H. me Mis-slome of the Lutheran Church; May or Schieren, the Rev. Jacob W. Loch, and the Rev. Dr. I. K. Funk. The church will be of Romanesque-diothic architecture, with a 170-foot tower on the Sixth avenue side.

Could Not Act the Part She Had Set for Heraclf.

Elighteen-year-old Pauline Hamerstein of 42 East Eighth street can into a drug store at Sands and Jay streets, limokiya, vesterday morning, and announced that she had taken poison. A dector who was summoned found that the girl was shanning. She told the police that she had concerted the poson story to melt the hard least of her lover. Frank schelinger of 54 Jay street, who had foreagen her. She was turned over to her aunt and taken to her home.

Two well-dressed strangers called on Louis Chichalit at his home at Sixty-sixth street and Fourteenth avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday and employed him to drive to the Tidrey-ninth street ferry for a case of brandy. They asked him to deposit \$20 with them, measuring, as security to deposit \$20 with them, measuring, as security for the safe delivery of the brandy. Mr. Chichalli gave them the maney. He couldn't find any trace of the brandy, and the police are now lasting for the strangers.

TEUTONIC. A CONCENTRATED LIQUID OF POR SUPPEREUS PROM INSOMNIA.

MR. ZINSSER'S BIG HOU.

MISTAKEN FOR THE NEAR-BY MA-TERNITY HOSPITAL.

So Many About to Be Mothers Applied for Admission that He Linally Moved the House, Stone by Stone and Helek by Brick, to a New Sire, ata Cost of \$50.000.

Once upon a time Mr. August Zinsser had ideas about the future of the upper west side. That was lifteen years ago, and since then his ideas have altered considerably. He has had time to grow up with the city, and the latter has grown up so differently from what he expected that it has co-t him about \$50,000 to reconcile himself to the new conditions. Should be ever are to use it, he has valuable material for writing a monograph upon the subject of New York's

Mr. Zinsser is not a writer, however. He is a manufacturer of varnish, in which business he has made a large fortune. Before riches came to him he lived modestly on the west side down town, but when he found himself becoming a man of wealth, which was about the year 1880. he decided to build a house commensurate with his new conditions. Naturally, all his friends gave him good advice, or what was intended for such. Some advised Fifth avenue up beyond the Park. Others predicted that upper Madison avenue was the coming street. Still others adjured the prospective house owner not to ge above Forty-second street and to settle on one of the side streets between Fifth and Madison avenues. Meantime Mr. Zinsser had been looking about for himself and had made up his mind. "My friends, I have decided," he announced. I shall build my house at Fifty-eighth street

and Tenth avenue." "Rats!" said his friends, or words to thes effect, that expressive ejaculation not having then come into general use. "You'll be lost in the wilderness."

Apparently there was some ground for this, for the locality thereabouts was hardly settled atiall then. Roosevelt Hospital was on the next block, and Mr. Zinsser's own varnish factory was but a short distance away, but the remainder of the immediate locality was landscape, broken semi-occasionally by a shanty held without right of law by undesirable neighbors of the squatter persuasion. In his prophetic eye the varnish maker saw Tenth avenue becoming the centre of fashion. Long rows of magnificent mansions rose before his vision out of the boulder-strewn fields where bony goats fought for the rights of pasturage on the few scant grass

"This place," said Mr. Zinsser, "lacks nothing to make it the finest residence locality in New York. Beyond and below stretches the majestic reach of the river. In front are lots which, as the city is now growing, must soon be purchased by wealthy men intending to build residences. The ground is high: no malaria, no mosquitoes, and no undesirable neighbors, and the atmosphere is perfect. What more car

So he set about building his house on the northwest corner of Tenth avenue and Fiftyeighth street. When it was done it looked like castle standing alone in its majesty. Rough-cus brown stone and brick were the principal ingredients of the house, which was very large, four dients of the house, which was very large, four stories high, and cost about \$100,000. The squatters in the neighborhood admired it immensely. Not only did it furnish them free firewood for the year during which it was in process of building, but it rejoiced their eyes and made them feel good to have so handsome an edifice in theirheighborhood and they used to invite all their friends up Sundays to camp out in front of it and enjoy its beauties. Mr. Zinsser's friends, however, called it "Zinsser's Folly."

ser's friends, noweres, Folly,"
"That's all right," said he. "You wait and see. We'll begin getting built up around here

see. We'll begin getting built up around her pretty soon."

Sure enough, the building soon began. First it was a line of silk factories not far away, folioused by rows of tenements for the factory hands, which shut off Mr. Zinsser's view of the river. Next a saloon located on the opposite corner, with a row of tenements spreading out from it on both sides. A worthy Irishman came into possession of a small rocky plateau on the other side of the big house, which gave him other side of the big house, which gave him such a commanding view that he could sit on such a commanding view that he could sit on such a commanding view that he could sit on his own front stoop and watch his rich neigh-bors eating dinner. Mr. Zinsser's advantages of river view and neighbors were beginning to disappear, but the atmosphere was his strong point when his friends made remarks about the "Folly."

"Folly."

"Why, this air is worth thousands of dollars "Folly."

"Why, this air is worth thousands of dollars a year to a man to breathe, it's so pure and invigorating," he would say, and then he would draw in deep breaths and puff with satisfaction.

But there came a time when he stopped drawing in deep breaths, and only respired at all because it was necessary to preserve life. That was when the gas tanks were set up a couple of blocks further down. They lacked none of the usual characteristics of gas tanks, and even on the darkest nights Mr. Zinsser always knew that they were there, their assertiveness varying ac-

they were there, their assertiveness varying according to the direction and force of the winds. It used to make him angry to have his friends come around with perfumed nandkerchiefs pressed to their faces and talk to him in muffeel tones about how the other localities which they had advocated were booming.

There's nothing the matter with this," he may be a supported to their faces and talk to him in muffeel tones about how the other localities which they had advocated were booming.

There's nothing the matter with this," he may be a supported to their faces and the supported to the faces of the supported to the supported

eald.
But fate seems to have followed that house.
Negotiations are a for the erection of a hig ice
scattations has across from it a business man
has bought a let near it for a riding school, and
it is said that an envernous concert hall, roof
sarden, and thesars building will be put up lust
bettial it.
"Zineser," say that gentleman's friends,
"what you want to do is to mount that house
on wheels until you find a real good heality."
Fut it built well to say very much about
localities to Mr. Zineser nowadays. It is a sore
subject.

aubject.

FACTS the skin facto we about our for the skin star with the skin star and columbiation. In we make your persons and columbiation. In we make your permanental skin star and columbiation. In we make 3 FOR BALS BY ALL DECOUNTS AND GROCERS.